

I had a run-in with Wanzl management at Walmart a few nights ago despite quitting Wanzl over a year ago--I left as a result of the party scene and other negligence. It has cost me since but there's no reason it should continue to cost me. Some history of tobacco use, pot smoking, drug paraphernalia, flame and smoke is probably necessary: At Zenith Global *"The Fire Marshall"* was a hot topic. I heard the term a lot; I recently learned Bassett Furniture took over Zenith entirely--86'ing what Zenith had that got and kept people there. All the bennies are gone now but when I started at Zenith, I "stored" some sofas in an open space because there was nowhere else to put them; due to my understanding from what I was hearing at the time--that the "Fire Marshall" frequented or could show-up at any time at Zenith--I was told by Mike Rockette to move those sofas somewhere else. Zenith, as you might know, is a small space, more furniture came in than was sometimes going out, that happened a lot, but not knowing the protocol, I was told by Rockette *"If the Fire Marshall comes in and sees sofas blocking that aisle..."* So I moved the sofas; about a week into Zenith I went to the bathroom to wash-up for lunch--that bathroom is in the middle of Bassett Furniture in Newton. Lunch was the busiest, most populated time of day for both companies; everyone was everywhere then. You can't smoke dope without flame--so far, I am unaware of a "dry" marijuana that lights itself; I could smell the strong smell of marijuana coming from that bathroom I was headed to, so before going in there (I don't believe I ever did) I asked someone with Bassett, who was also right there, if it was me--I was told by Bassett leadership it wasn't me, that people routinely smoked weed not far from the Zenith time clock (where Mike Rockette sometimes stood, making sure people were showing-up and leaving on time), the dispatcher's office was also nearby as well as Mike Rockette's office I was in my first day--Rockette was out my first day so I talked with Harry Varn in Rockette's office (after being sent there by Arch Staffing who claimed the attendance bonus roping me and nearly everyone else in, was twice what it really was when I got there). Varn told me my first day that getting people to show-up was his biggest problem--what they did often at Zenith was probably what also had them at home during the week but the system always misses the obvious. Pot-smoking is just how things were done at Zenith is what I was told by many. Because I originally thought it impossible that someone would be so bold as to smoke dope during lunch, I felt for certain someone was breaking-up a brick of the stuff--that some sort of sale was going on in there is what I thought the smell was, but it wasn't that at all. They were smoking it like they were behind a bowling alley.

It was Bobby and some Zenith new hire I didn't know with a gold watch you could see fifty yards away. Bobby was a team leader at Zenith; because no one mentioned it nor did anyone wear anything remotely close to a uniform, I didn't know Zenith (or Bassett) had team leaders--Bobby didn't look well so didn't look like a leader, either. He looked broke, was clueless about a scanner problem I'd asked him about, and had a shirt on with so many holes

in it it looked like it had been used for target practice by an F-16. His appearance should have told me something but it didn't--at Wanzl, personal appearance and the dope smell told me everything when it came to Shannon Hale. Bobby at Zenith soon became a massive problem--he made it clear he didn't want me around through endless insults, hounding and nastiness. I would get the same at Wanzl after informing Wanzl that the party crowd had gotten out of hand--a drunk throwing a tool at you is when it goes too far, but I don't recommend taking that to Wanzl management--they made it worse by doing nothing (***and*** after having high-end training by law enforcement concerning ***personal attacks***). When the crew doesn't want you around it's probably because they're doing something they're not supposed to be doing that you're not doing; that makes them uncomfortable that you're going to rat them out. I didn't for a long time but have nothing to lose by continuing to dish dirt. I don't like marijuana, because I don't like it, I also don't like going to jail over nothing and/or getting fired for the same--it can stick with you for a long time, or you can get hooked like my recent co-workers. As I told the Department of Labor's Retaliatory Department, those aren't my people because they're often my neighbors and is why I avoid them, too. I told Zenith about Bobby's drug habit he said he couldn't kick in a message box on their Web Page; he later mentioned I would be getting stitches. I got glare-downs from the guy with the watch it looked like he was making payments on--he was pushing hand-trucks and sweating like everyone else. I finally nailed Bobby with a sofa--then I had to roll-up on Roberto the Label, who'd been fired from Westrock, who was not a smoker nor an open consumer of weed, pills or alcohol--there was a lot of that at Zenith which, unsurprisingly, led to a lot of conflict in a small space where the heat itself had people quitting often. As a result of the pills, booze and dope I wasn't the only one going at it with someone in there. Zenith is when I decided to stop telling people at work where I live anymore but some people don't get the message. Wanzl supervisor Shannon Hale is another self-medicator who will never learn, but like Bobby, he has support from the system--that's where they feel emboldened. My first day at Wanzl in Newton James McGill sat and smoked one of those cigars often bought at corner stores--you can't do that without flame. McGill never used one of those products for a "blunt." I watched him smoke weed a lot so know that for certain. McGill had a bowl with him for his weed, openly using it often; he carried his bowl with him wherever he went so he could spark it up wherever he pleased. I didn't think he smoked anything else, though, my first day; I didn't know him, but I was wrong.

My second day I watched James McGill use his bowl with a lighter where I was assigned to work by Wanzl my first day (see enclosed image of people taking apart carts). Wanzl's epic labor shortage was a result of its epic stupidity--they were short-handed all the time so I did a lot of jobs at Wanzl and in two buildings where I smelled weed in ***both*** (there is a third Wanzl building closer to 321 on Technibilt Drive, having never been in it nor did I

ever hear about it, I have no idea what they do in there). In a sane world I would have been hired at Wanzl but I soon knew it wouldn't happen. I was told by someone who'd been with Wanzl for some time that James McGill had been there a year already; Shannon Hale told me he'd been there four years. Hale smelled like nothing but pot the entire time I was at Wanzl; he smelled like weed the day he ran a forklift into a pole, too--that failed to faze him or Wanzl. Hale didn't smell like weed the other night at Walmart when I got in his face and told him he was a piece of shit--that was the very first time Hale didn't reek of pot and probably the reason for his anger.

Hale was unstable and easily riled, so calmed himself with epic amounts of dope at work. James McGill also clearly used drugs and alcohol just to get through the day--the system is a bitch for a lot of people so they find ways to cope. While I saw James McGill vape and smoke tobacco here and there, I watched him smoke pot just as often; James McGill and Shannon Hale were identical to Bobby at Zenith. All three have serious drug problems they had no problem bringing to work. After informing Zenith (via its Web Page) of what its addicts were doing as they hounded and fought me, we had a meeting the following day; I thought for certain the meeting would be about bathroom habits but it amazingly wasn't--lead by Harry Varn, it was about furniture left in the aisles--even if it was for a second, they didn't want to see it, it was against "fire code," which, of course, continued to happen.

Exits continued to be blocked, and for days, but while you know why, the establishment never gets it. While no one smoked tobacco *in* Zenith--I'd noticed "smokers" always smoked outside--people continued to smoke pot **inside**. I once saw Bobby toss a cigarette butt away he was through with before entering Zenith one morning--that clearly made little sense due to what he was doing **inside** the building. If you smoked a cigarette inside Zenith the entire crew and Mike Rockette would have been all over you. At the time, we also often had to wear Covid masks--someone didn't want to though, and was angrily told to go home by Rockette if they didn't. I once saw some furniture exec. all over someone for not having their mask pulled-up (it was impossible to tell who was Zenith or Bassett because they often didn't tell us). It's important to understand the illogical world of work. I think marijuana is becoming more accepted because it is--people have always done these things at work but I'm seeing people bring things to work you wouldn't have seen a few decades ago. What used to be hidden no longer is; now people bring it inside and have at it. I think that's new. Now they don't care and the system doesn't care either, it will do anything to make a buck; meetings are held about "fire safety" as people smoke dope--which I would guess is also against "fire code." Probably Wanzl's biggest violation was giving James McGill a forklift with no license--I once watched McGill smoke his bowl after he got off a forklift he should have never had to begin with. Wanzl made even worse blunders by talking smack to me at Walmart a few nights ago, despite my immediately telling Shannon Hale to shut his *****

mouth--not to mention the look I gave him prior to that.

I'm surprised I didn't get tossed out of Walmart for that because everyone heard and saw it; I made sure he understood me fully which, of course, did nothing to stop him--he was the same at Wanzl. Hale is a heavy smoker who I hope gets cancer of the goatee; while most smokers at Wanzl smoked outside they sometimes didn't. Hale once smoked a cigarette in Plant 3 (at the bottom of the hill) in Newton. I have that on one of my phones, actually, the one Gerald Puente saw me drop, breaking the screen entirely--I haven't used it since, but I wasn't filming Hale smoking when and where he wasn't supposed to. It also wasn't break. I was taking note of where I worked in the event someone outside Wanzl asked. I sometimes film places I work at so people will know what I do all day; I could show them on my phone instead of explaining it, and on that phone is Shannon Hale smoking a cigarette with an industrial fan he turned-on--in the event Wanzl brass showed-up unannounced which it occasionally did. The plant on the top of the hill is quite different from the one on the bottom of the hill in Newton and everyone knows it--we more or less did nothing down there, while the slaves got stuck with the assembly line "up top." As a result, you could get away with all sorts of things in Juan Carlos's plant--until the Wanzl brass showed-up, which was only a matter of time. Wanzl was clearly aware of the drug and drinking scene I was fully aware of my first week. If Shannon Hale was caught smoking a cigarette he'd have been in the soup--it's why he turned the fan on, but if he was smoking weed it wouldn't have been a problem because he clearly did that often; Wanzl and Zenith were similar. I actually told people at Wanzl what people did at Zenith--because they were both doing the same thing. It is a fact of life that Shannon Hale and James McGill stunk to high heavens of pot the entire time I was at Wanzl; while I soon knew about James McGill--he never hid anything he was doing--any time I went in the bathrooms I soon knew all about Hale, too. But I could also smell pot in Greg Eller's "building on the hill"; people were smoking it up there somewhere, where there are offices, supervisors, robots, shipping and receiving and Wanzl brass--there's three shifts working nearly all the time in what was often called "up top"--that meant that Wanzl hierarchy knew of the smell, too, because I did. I never smelled tobacco in Greg Eller's, though--like at Zenith, you would have probably gotten fired by Greg Eller if you smoked a cigarette in his building but if you wanted to "burn one" it was clearly no problem. The combination of pot and unlicensed forklift drivers lead to Wanzl's ongoing OSHA violations. I also smelled pot all over someone when I worked in Greg Eller's. It is a fact that I smelled pot so often at Wanzl I began openly calling Plant 3 "Sunny Valley Apartments" (that being the building where trucks are parked outside below although that's changed to used shopping carts stored outside instead); there wasn't nearly a moment when I didn't smell marijuana in the building "at the bottom of the hill" (where people are shown inside taking apart carts). Most dope-smoking took place right there, actually. James McGill would sit where we all worked and

smoke pot during breaks; he smoked tobacco during the shift to begin with as well as hit-up the speakeasy pallet of boxes nearby (Zenith had one of those, too). I smelled pot so much in Plant 3 I nearly went over and asked James McGill if he was crazy. McGill had and used so much dope I thought he was in the business too, and still think so; I thought Hale might also have connections to the game--not because of what they were clearly pre-occupied with, but how much they were putting away.

Whenever I'm in Ridgeview, as you may know, it often smelled exactly like Wanzl; my guess is that's where Wanzl gets its weed--both smell identical. People don't give a damn there, either, but at Wanzl there was no law sending the homies scrambling--but to make things appear the opposite on social media, Wanzl invites the law on what to do about crazy people who might grab you--or maybe they throw a tool when they're drunk, you never know. Also in the enclosed image of people working was Wanzl management--Shannon Hale being one of three managers in Plant 3. He should manage to keep his mouth shut but his sense of entitlement is a result of N.C. employment law, the system's support of sewer-dwellers--and whatever drugs he's on medicating his mental illness, none of which are effective. The biggest dope-smokers I've encountered in years were some of Zenith's people, James McGill and unlicensed forklift-wrecker Shannon Hale; wannabe hangers-on were Felix "The Flask" Chavez and Gerald Puente (both of whom drove forklifts with no licenses, too). There was also a lot of drinking.

People smoke a variety of products inside those buildings when they're clearly not supposed to, the same as they should keep their mouths shut at Walmart like I told them to. At Crate and Barrel, someone had the "sense" enough to smoke their dope outside; after it flooded half the warehouse without their knowledge, they were tipped-off by a friend that now everyone knew, but if it becomes an inside activity they'll be breaking no new ground thanks aw

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